

Matryoshka

Aimyon

Aitsu no subete o shiritsukushi
Shiri ni shii te shimai tai wa
Yoi ko no furi shi ta matryoshka
2 tsume no kao o mise masho u ka

Tōmawashi sugiru serifu bakka de
Serufu na koi ni akiakishi te
Soredemo suki toka itte shimau koto
Hazukashii nante omowa naku natta

Chikai uchi ni aisareru ka na watashi, watashi

Kirakira ni hikaru nani ka o oikake te
Watashi wa soledemo aisare naku te
Hontō no jibun o kakushitsuzuke teru
Watashi wa itsu demo matryoshka

Neru ma o oshin de kai ta tegami mo
Meiku mo nanimokamo ga muda ne
Kara ni tojikomotta matryoshka
Semete kamidana ni soe te hoshii wa yo

Chikai uchi ni aisareru ka na watashi, watashi

Kirakira ni hikaru nani ka ga hoshikatta
Watashi wa ichi do mo aisare nai no?
Hontō no anata mo shira nai mama na no
Watashi wa anata no mono desho u ka?

Waratte iru furi ga tokui ni nacchatta
2 tsume no kao ni wa aoi nani ka ga nagare te iru
Mizutamari ga deki te
Afurechai sō da
Afurechai sō da
Afurechai sō da

Kirakira ni hikaru nani ka o oikake ta
Watashi wa hontōni aisare takatta
Kirakira ni hikaru nani ka o oikake te
Watashi wa soledemo aisare naku te
Hontō no jibun o kakushitsuzuke teru
Watashi wa itsu demo matryoshka
Watashi wa anata no mono desho u ka?

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I want to know everything about you and dominate you
A matryoshka doll pretending to be a good girl
Shall I show you my second face?

You're always just beating around the bush
I'm just fed up with one way love
Even so, I can't help saying I love you
I've ceased to be ashamed of myself

Will I be loved soon?

Running after something shines, still not being loved
I keep hiding my true self
I'm always a matryoshka doll

Letters I wrote to you without sparing time for sleep
Putting on makeup and all came to nothing
A matryoshka doll in its shell
I want you to put it on the family altar at least

Will I be loved soon?

I've always wanted something glitters
Can't I be loved even once?
I still don't know the real you even now
Am I yours?

I've gotten better at forcing a smile

A blue liquid is streaming down my second face
Making a puddle, it's about to overflow
It's about to overflow
It's about to overflow

I ran after something glitters
I really wanted to be loved
Running after something shines, still not being loved
I keep hiding my true self
I'm always a matryoshka doll
Am I yours?

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